#### MARRIE HILL PRESS.

& C. PINNEY, PUBLISHED

MATRIE MILL - - MISSOURL

A summer palace car costs about \$15,000. The vestibule attachment is rorth about \$2,000.

A Lordon gentus has invented a hor rater apparatus to warm plano keys, o that dainty fingers may not be chill-

Dr. RANKIN, a surgeon at Muncy. England, is said to be using hypnotism secessfully as a substitute for chloroform is his practice.

THE United States labor commission has decided that the collection of stastice relating to building associations atom not come within the scope of the

A MAR with a head full of confused ann muddled ideas uses big words. The man whose brain is full of clear ideas can get along very well with little words.

AFTER so many years government usiness is getting into the proper channels at Washington. The weather bureau has gone over to the agricultural department and the pension branch will be transferred to the war

THE New Century club of Philadelphia is said to be the largest women's club in the country. It is devoted to the interests of self-supporting women and its representation embraces every industry in which women are engaged.

THE body of Lucy Zarate, the Mexican dwarf, who died recently on a ratiroad rain in the West, was shipped by rall to Mexico, but it was held at El Paso. Texas, until the Mexican cust m house was paid an import tax 650.

AMELIE RIVES CHANLER seems to have made a decided sensation in Paris. Not only has an artist committed suicide, for love of her, but several other young Frenchmen seem inclined to do the same thing. Well, let the good work go on.

LORD ACTON is considered the most learned man in England. He is a Roman catholic, and in addition to his barony has a baronetcy. His library contains no less than 100,000 volumes, all of which are carefully selected, and number among them some very rare books.

BARNEY MCGUIRE, aged eighty-five, who has been in prison thirty-five years of his life, pleaded guilty in Rochester to larceny, saying he had no home nor friends and wanted to go to prison for life. The judge gave the old man a fourteen months' sentence to Auburn.

W. H. SMITH, the leader of the British house of commons, has recently built a new church at Portsea at a cost of more than \$110,000. He has no interest in the place whatever, but happening to visit it for a day on government business he noticed that it greatly needed a new church.

records of Castle Garden extend back to May 5, 1847, the date of the organization of the board of commissioners of emigration, and since that time nearly 10,000,000 immigrantsthe exact number to January 1, 1890, is 9.639,635, or about one-sixth of the entire population of the United States -have been landed there.

ACCORDING to official accounts the average senator of the United States uses up two and one-half cuspidors annually during the time spent in the senate chamber and is allowed only 12 cents' worth of "Pond Lily" perfumery per year, and yet he complains that it is the newspapers that have brought the senate "into bad odor."

New York is in danger of going dry According to the report of the Excise board there were in that city in 188. 8,885 places licensed for the sale of liquor, including 5,874 liquor saloons, 194 ale and beer saloons, 1,266 ale. beer and wine saloons, 152 restairants. 262 hotels, 56 steamboats and 1,098 groceries, drug and wholesale liquor

Laws relating to the administration of the estates of deceased persons seem to have been enacted for the express purpose of enriching the pockets of probate-court lawyers. Samuel Woods. A New York millionaire, died some twelve years ago and to-day the litigation over his property continues, although there is but a tithe of the

Son WALTER RALEIGH was the first that landed a colony of English people in this country. Having received from Queen Elizabeth a charter which gave him a large territory in America, he sent out an exploring expedition in 1854, ninety-two years after the discovery by Columbus. This expedition commanded by two captains, d Amides and Borlowe. They inneed on what is now known as North

THE boundary line between the United States and Canada is not "imginary." as most people suppose fact is the line is distinctly mark ed from Lake Michigan to Alaska by calms, fron pillars, earth mounds, and clearings. There are 385 of between the Lake of the de and the base of the Rocky ne. The British placed one every two miles and the United between each British post cole are of oast-iron, and o st on s are the words 'Convention 1. 10, 1818" Where the

## WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Coming Landlords BY SARAH MABIE BRIGHAM.

Copyrighted, 1886.

CHAPTER IL -CONTINUED. This was like a firebrand in a heap of chaff. Meetings were held. Gladstone and Forster were carried in effigy through the streets, and were dragged in the mud



Gladstone and Forster were carried

in effigy through the streets. or were burned in public. The priests took active parts in these meetings. They uniformly used their influence against vio lence and crime. But many were too wild to heed the admonitions of cooler heads. Phroughout Ireland and England the fear of dynamite was strong in every landlord's

This state of wild excitement lasted up til May, when at last, after many over-tures and efforts to gain concessions from the prisoners, the English government was glad to release them on any terms. When news came that the prisoners were re-leased, there was great rejoicing. Bonfires blazed in every village and cathusiastic meetings were held in honor of the event. Then, for the first time, I felt that there was safety. Lord Waverland had been away all winter. Early in the fall, foresee ing the trouble that was coming, he said it was too warm for him in Ireland, and he would go to Paris where he could have some comfort. I believe, myself, that it would not have been safe for him at home He was stubborn and would not lower his rent, or abate one tota of his inherited pride.

As soon as quiet was restored in the spring and early summer, I prepared to leave home, for my two years' travel. The thought of leaving my mother made me sad. Her life was lonely in that old prison house, known as the Waverland Mansion. with no visitors except little Annie Wren. Lady Wren died while I was at college. tried to win my mother's consent to travel with me, but she would shake her head and say, "It would never do for me to leave Waverland without my lord's consent. He might come at any time and fear his wrath. Go, my son, and the kind Father who watches over the sparrows So, one bright June morning, with a

heavy heart I bade good-bye to my mother and my little sister, who was my mother's ompanion and comfort, and started out to see the world.

CHAPTER III .- THE GOVERNESS. I had been from home two years, and as came up the avenue to the Waverland nansion I could not help thinking what a deserted old place it was. The gate lodge was in a dilapidated condition: the gate

itself hung by one hinge. The avenue was covered with weeds. The young forest, once the pride of Lord Waverland, was open to the cattle, and the park about the house was used for a horse pasture. The venerable old house itself, built a century ago, with tower and turret, was going to ruin. The windows were filled with boards or rags to keep out the weather, and the steps were hardly safe to mount.
"By the ghost of St. Patrick if there ain't

Sir Loyd!" said Michael O'Shane, the old butler, who, with an enormous wig, high

"Yes, Mike, this is Loyd," I said, shake ing his hand with real pleasure. glad to be at home again. So this is Wa verland?

"This is Waverland," he said: "and it's right glad we are to see you home again?" I found the inside of the house in as great lisorder as the out. The elegant old furniture was moth eaten and rovered with lust; and the musty smell that greeted me when I opened the drawing-room door quaintance. I finally made my way to my mother's room. It was the only place that seemed inhabited. My dear, dear mother

How my heart yearned to cheer her life! "Good morning, mother; here's your big boy back again!" I said, as I came to her where she sat by the window busy with her thoughts.

once more;" she cried, throwing her arms about my neck and indulaing in tears of And, I confess, my own eyes were dim for a moment, for two years had made a great change in the face so near my own The dark brown bair was lined with gray and the pure white brow was marked with enre. I folded her in my arms, saying, How is this? you seem almost an in valid?

"I have suffered a great deal of late, but now you are at home I shall soon be well again. I think this dreary old house makes me feel blue." And she drew a long sigh,

"Where is Lord Waverland? The old place seems going to ruin."
"He is in Paris; he has only been at

home for a few weeks at a time for years. He says the old place is too dull for his high temperament," said my mother in a slightly sarcastic tone.
"Here is Myrtle, your little sister," she

said, as a young girl with bright blue eyes and flaxen hair came bounding into the room. "She is my little sunbeam. Myrtle

The child paused a moment, giving me arching glance as though asking herself if we could be friends. Then she came to neck as I stooped toward her, put up he full red lips for a kiss. She was small for her age, looking far younger than she really was.

Taking a chair by my mother's side. with Myrtle on my knee, we began to fill the space our letters had left vacant. While we were busy talking of the past, a young lady came into the room. She was plain looking, with soft brown eyes that and a pleasant look, and silken brown hair that lay in natural waves above a clear white brow. As she came to my mother's of independence, whoever you are. ated by her firm, elastic step and noble

carriage "Miss Everett, my son, Sir Loyd," said my mother as she came to her side She gave me a modest greeting, then af ter asking some questions of my mother,

teft the room.
"Myrtle's new governess. She only cam last week, but I am very fond of her. She inspires me with comfort," said my moth-

er, with some animation. "Cht" exclaimed Myrtle, "she can tel beautiful tairy tales, but she makes me

"Who is she? Where did she co

ness, and she thought I would like her, so she brought her here. You remember An-nie Wren?"
"Why, yes, we have always known each

other. I wonder if she would know me now?" I said, fondly stroking my famous mustache, which I thought had greatly changed my looks.

Before I had finished the contemp

of myself in the large mirror opposite, the door opened and a lovely young lady en-"Annie!" exclaimed Myrtle, jumping

"Annie" exclaimes and giving the new comer a from my knee and giving the new comer a loving kiss. Could that be my old playing kiss. Could that be my old playing the was so beautiful. mate? I never knew she was so be: Mother turned to me saying. "You see, my son, Annie and I neve

stand on ceremony. She always comes to my room unannounced," said my mother, giving her a friendly greeting.

"So this is my little playmate," I said, 'Yes, Loyd, this is Annie," said the young lady, shaking my hand with the freedom of old. She seemed just as frank and happy as ever, only so much more handsome. It did me good to hear her cheery voice and see her laughing face in

"Is your pony at the gate, the same as usual?" I asked, remembering olden times. "Yes, Loyd, and I long as much as ever for a wild gallop over the moor," she said, playfully After lunch, which was served in my mother's room, I went down to the stable,

and finding my favorite horse there, I returned, saying.
"Miss Annie, I will accompany you home, if agreeable, and try the wild gal-

lop you suggested."
Thus we took up the old life just where it had broken off, when, at the age of six-teen, we had parted. No embarrassment, no restraint, but glad companionship again, as in childhood.



Yes, Loud, this is Annie,

I had not shough ambition to care to fix up the old place, but would roam about in an absent, thoughtless way with my dogs and companions, or at Annie's side, as of old. I was just as exacting with her now as then, and she was just as patient with my fretful moods as when she was a child, Gradually the old house took a different look. The old hall door swung open with-

out the aid of two or three servants. windows too could let in the sunlight, for hining panes of glass had taken the place of boards and rags. One evening coming home I found the drawing-room door open. I entered, and what a sensation of pleasure came over me! The old moth-eaten furni-ture had been cleaned and brightened, the tapestry had been through the same ordeal and was newly arranged. The old neglected plano was open and on the rack were several sheets of music. The room had such a cosy, homelike appearance that bounded away to call my mother, that she might enjoy it with me. Taking her placed her in one of the easy chairs, then I went back to the door to take a survey.
While I stood there silently enjoying the scene, Miss Everett stepped from the win-dow seat, where she had been concealed by the drapery, saying:

ell, Sir Loyd, how do you like it? "It is fine! We owe you a thousand thanks for this pleasant surprise," I said, going toward her, but she turned away,

"I only let the sunshine in." and left the

"What a strange girl she is," I said. "Her active brain has planned and her busy hands have guided all this work."

"Yes, she is a strange girl," said my she came, bringing in the sunshine, as she hearts as well."

"O, mamma, how came you down stairs?" asked Myrtle, as she came dancing into the room. "How nice it is! O, mamma, stay here always!'

It did seem like home. A bright room and my mother's gentle presence! Then began a happy home life. The evenings were passed with music and pleasant con-versation, and the dreary old house was full of joy and sunshine. One evening no long after, as I entered my mother's room,

"What do you think, my son, Miss Everett has asked permission to control the

"I think she can do it, mother, judging from what she has done. You gave her permission, I'm sure." "Yes, but I told her she would soon tire

of it; that Lord Waverland's servants were hard to manage. She only laughed at my fears, saving it was like a difficult problem that she was very much interested I believe she is interested, for Myrtle is learning many useful things besides her studies. She is delighted with Miss Ever-

drawing-room. It was still early, and the summer sun made the room a pleasant one. As I went toward one of the window seats, ing. It annoyed me, and in a tone of vexation I said.

"What right have you to sit working away all the time, never taking any rest!"
She raised her clear brown eyes to mine
for a moment, as though asking what l

"It is a case of necessity, Sir Loyd, as I find your sister's wardrobe in great disor-"Well," I said, "you have no right to do

that," pointing to the work that lay in her lap.
She only shrugged her shoulders and went on with the sewing. It made me more vexed to be defied in this manner by a slight girl; and I commenced pacing the

floor, saying:
"We are a disgrace to our name, a disgrace to mankind! No one ever comes here without being imposed upon. Here you must be compelled to be seamstress for your pupil. But what a fool I am!

What do you know about it?"
The quick, keen glance she gave me as I The quick, keen glance she gave me as I turned to leave the room said as plainly as words could say that she did know and care. Her active life was a constant rebrace to my idle one. I had never felt the need of a purpose in life, and had followed a listless, thoughtless existence until her coming had stirred a new impulse; but as yet I was not willing to follow it.

One morning I was passing through the kitchen, when to my surprise and astanishment I saw Miss Everett with a big white apron on and a bunch of keys at her side, giving directions to the asyvants for din-

Making me a comic bow, she said, "I as

"Why, where is Mrs. Ingram?" I asked, amazed. "She has been our h usekeeper ever since I can remember, and I thought

she was a fixture." "She left a few days ago," said Miss

"Left!" I said, "why, she has not been paid for years." "Beg pardon, Sir Loyd, she has been paid. I paid her myself," said she archly. "Well, Miss Everett, how soon are you going to take charge of the estate? That needs attention next," I said, in an impa-

tient tone. She made me no answer for a few n ments, but stood tapping the floor with her little foot in a nervous fashion; then, turn-ing toward me with a thoughtful expres-sion, she said:

"Sir Loyd, if I were you I would not my inheritance go to waste!' Confused and humilated I left the roo My inheritance! I had never thought of it as mine. But sometime, no doubt, it would belong to me. I sought the library; there I began to think, yes, actually think! Here I was, a young man, strong of limb and sound in mind, but thinking and working were things new in my life. I working were things new in my life. I saw something for me to do. Here was a vast estate, with tenants good and bad. Men, women and children living in want and degradation, that I might help to a

more prosperous existence.

I went out over the estate and found trouble and difficulties at every step. The tenants were in rebellion at the high rents, and the most bitter complaints were made. Want and filth greeted me everywhere. Could it be that I was to blame for the ter-rible misery I saw? Clearly, some one was greatly to blame; for here were men, wo-men and children living in hovels so small and filthy that I would blush to put my horses into them. Here were large families living and paying exorbitant rents for those old hovels and a few acres of land,

turned out kept them in anxiety. All the time I was listening to the clear ringing words, "If I were you I would not

et my inheritance go to wast!"

But what could I do! I went home discouraged, though not without a purpose. I had been aroused at last. I had some thing to do in life. The dream of my childhood I would try to realize. From that day to this, I have tried to work for the good of the poor, despised, down-trodden people that we call tenants.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SOON OVER. A River Springs Up and Dies Away in Hour's Time.

A sudden thaw in spring is a common enough cause of the swelling and overflow of rivers, but few people have experience of what might be called "magic rivers," which disappear al-most as suddenly as they are born. One such, however, is described by W. H. Mallock in his account of Cyprus, en-titled "In an Enchanted Island."

On a certain evening there was a succession of thunder showers, and then all the night a heavy and ceaseless downpour. "This," said my host in downpour. "This," said my nost the morning, "ought to bring down the river." I asked what he meant the river." I asked what he river this, and he answered that the river below us was rarely anything more than a dry bed of pebbles, just as it was

But generally once-sometimes three times—in the year it would suddenly fill with water, yow for an hour or two, and again become dry and silent. I felt that the sight must be curious and wished that I might be able to witness it.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon servant came to my bedroom and asked me to go into the garden. There I found my host with an opera-glass

standing on the bank.

"Look!" exclaimed he, pointing. "It
is coming! Listen! You can hear it." caught a sound, faint and uncertain, sight in regard to changes in the as leaves rustling in a dream. Then, suddenly, far away on the plains, I saw something flash, like the head of s pointed spear. Gradually this pointed spear. Gradually this pro-longed itself into a slim, shining line, which presently took a curve. time its course was straight; then it

curved again. In ten minutes, over the brown surface of the field the water had stretched itself like a long, silvery snake, and the sound I had heard, growing every intant more distinct, explained itself to the ear as the voice of the stirred pebles. The river channel skirted bottom of the garden, and thus, as the flood went by we had every opportunity of observing it. It pushed itself for-ward, headed by a mass of pebbles and scum; it split itself into fierce rivulets, which a moment later were drowned against banks; it circled into transitory

Gradually, as we watched, its volume seemed to diminish, and in an hour's time there was only a trickling rill, over which a child 5 years old might have

#### Getting a Substitute.

In China nothing is more common than for a gentleman who is in a serious trouble with the law to hire a substitute to take the punishment for The payment varies according to the gravity of the offense; but when it is murder, for which the penalty is death, it runs, we are told, to £12 exactly. In England these matters are seldom settled by proxy, and the last persons likely to volunteer to be hanged for one are one's relatives; they will see us hanged first. This makes the scene at the Portsmouth Police Court the other day very remarkable. A young gentleman of 19 is brought on several charges of burglary; vidence is, unhappily, clear, but his ather comes forward and expresses his wish to act as substitute. magistrate. "To go to jail for him?"
"Yes, certainly!" Upon this amazing proposition being rejected the young gentleman faints; a young lady whose re ations with him have been described by an adapter from Shakspeare as being "a little less than kin, and more than kind," faints also; and the selfsacrificing parent has a fit. This is, probably, the most emotional family, as well as the most free from convention, that has yet been discovered— London News.

#### "Ads" on Clouds.

A western inventor is endeavoring to interest capital in his electrical magic lantern for casting or reflecting advertisements on the dark clouds that often hang low over a city. The inventor claims to have secured contracts from several well-known tirms for displaying heir cards in this manner.

nineral—"Life you sear about Gos-ing, Cumso" Ne; what's the matter?" Simeral—"He was ar-rested for kissing of Boston girl; but he secaped a size." Cumso—"How did he manager" Simeral—"He pleaded

### LABOR AND CAPITAL

Talmage Talks on the Great Labor Ques tion of the Day.

to Congratulates the Laboring Man on His Prospects, and Advises the Capitalist to Make Investments for Eternity-But Mark the Golden Rule.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermen of The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon of last Sunday was "The Old Fight to be Settled." from the text, "Whatsoover ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." (Matt. 7:12.)

even so to them." (Matt. 7:12.)
Two hundred and fifty thousand laborers in Hyde Park, London, and the streets of American and European cities filled with processions of workmen carrying banners, brings the subject of Labor and Capital to the front. That all this was done in peace, and that as a result in many places, arbitration has taken place, a hopeful sign.

tration has taken place, a hopeful sign. The greatest war the world has ever se The greatest war the world has over seen is between capital and labor. The strife is not like that which in history is called the Thirty Years' War, for it is a war of conturies. It is a war of the five continents, it is a war hemispheric. The middle classes in this country, upon whom the nation has sepended for holding the balance of power war for against as mediators, between the and for acting as mediators between the two extremes, are dimishing, and if things go on at the same ratio as they have for the last twenty years been going on, it will not be long before there will be no middle class in this country, but all will be very rich or very poor, princes or paupers, and the country will be given up to palaces and The antagonistic forces have again and

again closed in upon each other. You may pooh-pooh it; you may say that this trouble, l ke an angry child, will cry itself to sleep; you may belittle it by calling it Fourier ism, or Socalism, or St. Simonism, or Nihilism, or Communism, but that will not hinder the fact that it is the mightiest, the darkest, the most terrific threat of this century. Most of the at-tempts at pac deation have been dead failures, and monopoly is more arrogant, and the trades unions more b tter. "Give us more wages." cry the employes. "You shall have less," say the capitalists. "Com-pel us to do fewer hours of toli in a day." "You shall toll more hours," say the others. "Then, under certain conditions, we will not work at all," say those. "Then you shall starve," say those, and the work. men gradually using up that which they accumulated in better times, unless there be some radical change, we shall have soon oe some radical change, we shall have soon in this country three million hungry men and women. Now, three million hungry people can not be kept quiet. All the enactim has of legislatures and all the constabularies of the cities, and all the army and navy of the United States cannot keep three million hungry people quiet. What then? Will this war between capital and labor be settled by human wisdom! Never. The brow of the one becomes more rigid, the fist of the other more clinche!.

But that whi h human wisdom cannot achieve will be accomplished by Christianity if it be given full sway. You have heard of medicines so powerful that one drop would stop a disease and restore a patient; and I have to tell you that one drop of my text properly admin stered will stop all these woes of society and give convalescence and complete health to all classes "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

I shall first show you this morning how this controversy between monopoly and hard work cannot be stopped, and then I will show you how this controversy will be

Futile remedies. In the first place there will come no pacification to this trouble through an outery against rich men merely because they are rich. There is no labor ing man on earth that would not be rich if he could be. Sometimes through a fortu-nate invention, or through some accident of prosperity, a man who had nothing comes to large estate, and we see him arrogant and supercitions, and taking people by the throat just as other people took him by the about human nature when it comes to the top. But it is no more sin to be rich than it is a sin to be poor. There are those who have gathered a great estate through fraud, and then there are millionaires who markets, and through brilliant busi-ness faculty, and every dollar of their estate is as honest as the dollar which the plumber gets for ing a pipe, or the mason gets for building a wall. There are those who keep in povert because of their own fault. They might have been well off, but they smokel or chewed up their carnings, or they lived be-yond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who is all the time c implaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, white he him seif keeps two dogs, and chows and smokes, and is filled to the chin with

whisky and beer!
Misswher said to David Copperfield "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income twenty shillings and sixpenes expenses result, misery. But, Copperfield, my boy one pound income, expenses nine een shi lings and sixpence; result, happiness. And there are vast multitules of people who are kept poor because they are th victims of their own improvidence. It is no sin to be rich, and it is no sin to be I protest against this outer, which I hear against those who, through economy and self-denial and assiduity, have co large fortune. This bombardment of com-

mercial success will never stop this con-troversy between capital and labor. Neither will the contest be settled by ynical and unsympathetic treatment of he laboring classes. There are those who speak of them as though they were only cattle or draught-horses. Their nerves a nothing; their domestic comfort is noth ing; their happiness is nothing. They have no more sympathy for them than a hound has for a have, or a hawk for a hen, or a tiger for a calf. When Jean Valiean, the greatest hero of Victor Hugo's writings, after a life of suffering and great endurance, goes into incarceration and death, they clap the book shut and say, "Good for him!" They stamp their feet with indignation and say just the oposite of "Save the work ng classes." They have all their sympathies with Shylock, and not with Antonio and Portia. They are plutocrata, and their feelings are infernal. They are filled with irritation and irascibility on this subject. To stop this awful imbrogile between capital and labor they will lift not so much as the tip end of the little finger. In this country the torch put to the fac-tories that have discharged hands for good or bad reason; obstructions on the rail-track in front of midnight express trains because the offenders do not like the president of the company; strikes on shipboard the hour they were going to sail, or in printing offi ea the hour the paper was to go to press, or in mines the day the only was to be delivered, or on house scaffoldings so the builder fails in keeping his contract—all these are only a hard blow on the held of American labor. and cripple its arms, and lame its feet, and pierce its beart. As a result of one of our great American strikes you find that the operatives lost four hundred thousand dollars worth of wages, and have had poor er wages ever since. Traps aprung sud denly upon employers, and violence, never took one knot out of the knuckle of toil, or put one farthing of wages into a callous paim. Barbarism will never cure the

wrongs of civilization Mark that! Well, if this controversy between Capital and Labor cannot be settled by human wisdom, it is time for us to look somewhere else for relief, and it points from my text reseate and jubliant, and puts one hand on the broadcloth shoulder of Capital, and puts the other hand on the homespun-covered shoulder of Toll, and says, with a voice that will grandly and storiously settle this, and settle everything, "What-soever ye would that men should do to you, Well, if this controversy between Capital

do ye even so to them." That is, the lady of the household will say. "I must lady of the household will say: "I must treat
the maid in the kitchea just as I would
like to be treated if I were down-stairs,
and it were my work to wash, and cook,
and sweep, and it were the duty of the
maid in the kitchen to preside in this parlor." The maid in the kitchen must say:
"If my employer seems to be more presor. The main in the strength mass say;
"If my employer seems to be more prosperous than I, that is no fault of hers; I
shall not treat her as an enemy. I will
have the same industry and fidelity downstairs as I would expect from my sub-ordinates, if I happened to be the wife of a

silk importer."

The owner of an iron mill, having taken The owner of an iron mill, as you a dose of my text before leaving home in the morning, will go into his foundry, and passing into what is called the puddling room, he will see a man there stripped to the waist, and besweated and exhausted with the labor and the toil, and he will say "Why, it seems to be very bot in iere. You look very much exhausted. I hear your child is sick with scar et fever. If you want your wages a little earlier this week, so as to pay the nurse and get the medicines, just come into my office any

After awhile, crash goes the money mar After awhile, crash goes the money mar-ket and there is no more domain I for the articles manufactured in that from mill, and the owner does not know what to do. He says, "Shall I stop the mill, or shall I run it on half-time, or shall I cut down the mens' wages!" He walks the floor of his counting room all day, hardly knowing counting room all day, hardly knowing what to do. Toward evening he calls the laborers together. They stand all around, some with arms akimpo, some with folded arms, wondering what the boss is going to do now. The manufac-"Alen, business is bad; I don't turer says: "Men, business is bad; I don't make twenty dollars where I used to make one hundred. Somehow, there is no demand now for what we manufacture, or but little demant. You see, I am at vast expense, and I have called you togethor this afternoon to see what you would advise. I don't want to shut up the mill, because that would force you out of work, and you have always been very faithful, and I like you, and you seem to like me. and the bairns must be looked after, and your wife will after awhile want a new

dress. I don't know what to do."

There is a dead halt for a minute or two. and then one of the workman steps out from the ranks of his fellows, and says:
"Boss, you have been very good to us, and when you prospered we prospered, and now you are in a tight place, and I am sorry, and we have got to sympathize with you don't know how the others feel, but I propose that we take off twenty per cent. from our wages, and that when the times get good you will remember us and raise them again." The workman looks around to his comrales, and says: "Boys, what do ou say to this! All in favor of my proposition will say av. "Ay! ay! ay! shout two hundred voices.

But the mill-owner, getting in some new machinery, exposes hims if very much, and akes cold, and it settles into preumonia, and he dies. In the procession to the tomb are all the workmen, tears rolling down their cheeks, and off upon the ground; but an hour before the procession gets to the cemetery the wives and the children of those workmen are at the grave waiting for the arrival of the funeral pageant. The minister of religion may have delivered an loquent culogium before they started from the house, but the most impressive things are said that day by the working-classes

standing around the tomb.

That night in all the cabins of the work ing-people where they have family prayers, the widownood and the orphimize in the mansion are remembered. No glaring populations look over the iron fence of the cemetory; but, hovering over the scene; the benediction of God and man is coming for the fulfillment of the Christlike injunc-tion, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them !

"Oh," says some man here, "that is all Utopian, that is apperyphal, that is impossible." No, I cut out of a paper this: "One of the pleasantest incidents recorded in a long time is reported from Shettield. England. The wages of the men in the iron-works at Sheffleld are regulated by a board of arbitration, by wrose decision both masters and men are bound. For some time past the iron and steal trade has been extremely unprofitable, and the employees cannot, without much loss pay the wages fixed by the board, which neither employers nor employed have the power to change To avoid this difficulty, the workmen in one upon a device as rare as it was generous. They offered to work for their employers one week without any pay whatever, flow much better that p an is than a strike But you go with me and I will show you

-not so far off as Sheffield, England-factories, banking-houses, store houses, and costly enterprises where this Christlike injunction is kept, and you could no more get the employer to practice an injustice upon his men, or the men to conspire against the employer, than you could get your right hand and your left hand, right eye and your left eye, your right car and your left ear, into physiological antur-onism. Now, where is this to begin: In our homes, in our stores, on our farms not waiting for other people to do their duty. Is there a divergence now between the parlor and he kitchen! Then there is Then there is -omething wrong, either in the parior or the kitchen, perhaps in both. Are the clerks in your store trate against the firm? Then there is something wrong, either be hind the counter, or in the private office, or perhaps in both.

Supply and Demand own the largest mill on earth, and all the rivers roll over their wheel, and into their hopper they put all the men, women, and children they can shovel out of the conturies and the blood and the bones redden the valley waile the mill grinds. That diabolic law of supply and demand will yet have to stand as de, and in-stead thereof will come the law of love, the law of co-operation, the law of kindness, the law of sympathy, the law of Christ,

Have you no idea of the coming of such a time! Then you do not believe the Bible. All the Bible is full of promises on this subject, and as the ages roll on the time will come when men of fortune will be giving larger sums to humanitarian and evangelistic purposes, and there will be more James Lenoxes and Peter Coopers and William E. Dodges and George Peaodys. As that time comes there will be more parks, more picture-galleries ardens thrown open for the holiday peo-

And now I have two words, one to capi talists and the other to laboring men. To capitalists: Be your own executors Make investments for eternity. Do not b like some capitalists I know who walk around among their employes with a supercilious air, or drive up to the factory in manner which seems to indicate they are the autocrat of the universe with the sun and the moon in their vest pockets, chiefly anxious when they go among laboring men not to be touched by the greasy or smirched hand and have their broadcloth injured Be a Christian employer. Remember, those who are under your charge are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh, that Jesus died for them and that they are immortal. for them and that they are immorsa; Divide up your estates, or portions of them, for the relief of the world, be-fore you leave it. De not go out of the world like that man who died eight or ten years ugo, leaving in his will twenty mil-lion deliars, jet giving how much for the Church of God! kiow much for the alleviation of human suffering! He gave son money a little white before he died. That was well; but in all this will of twenty was well out in all this will of twenty million deliars, how much! One million! No. Five hundred thousand! No. One hundred deliars! No. Two cents! No. One cent! No. These great cities greanlar is anguish, nations cryin; out for the broad of overlasting life. A man in a will giving twenty millions of deliars and not one cent to God! It is a disgrace to put

civilisation.

To laboring men: I congratulate you on the fact that you are getting your representatives. It Albany, at Harrisourch, and at Washington. This will go on until you

will have representatives at all the head quarters, and you will have full justice.

Mark that. I contratulate you also on
the opportunities for your children. You
children are going to have vast opportunihave vast opportunichildren are going to have tax to specifies. I congratulate you that you have to work and that when you are dead your children will have to work. I congratulate you also on your opportunities of information. Plate paid one thousand three hundred deliars for two books. Jerome ruined the self-denseless by hydrogene younge. himself, financially, by buying one volume of Origen. What vast opportunities for in-telligence for you and your children! A workingman goes along by the show win-dow of some great publishing house and he sees a book that costs five dollars. He says, "I wish I could have that informa-tion; I wish I could raise five dollars for that costly and beautiful book." A few months was on and he goes the value of months pass on and he gets the value of that book for fifty cents in a pamphlet. There never was such a day for the working men of America as the day that is com-

But the greatest Friend of capitalist and toiler, and the One who will yet bring them together in complete accord, was born one Christmas night while the curtains of heaven swung, stirred by the wings angelic. Owner of all things -all the continents, all worlds, and all the islands of light. Capitalist of immensity, crossing over to our condition. Coming into our world, not by gate of palace, but by door of barn. Spending His first night amid the shep-herds. Gathering afterward around Him the fishermen to be His chief attendants. With adze, and saw, and chisel, and are, and in a carpenter shop showing himself broththe tradesmen. Owner of all things, and yet on a nillock back of Jerusalem one day resigning everything for others, keeping not so much as a shekel to pay for His obsequies. By charity buried in the suburbs of a city that had cast Him out. Before the cross of such a capitalist, and such a carpenter, all men can afford to shake bands and worship. Here is the every man's Carist. None so high, but He was higher. None so poor, but He was poorer. At His feet the hostile extremes will yet renounce their animosities, and countenances which have glower-ed with the prejudices and revenge of conturies shall brighten with the smile of heaven as He commands: ve would that men should do to you, do yo ven so to them."

#### CHARMING AWAY WARTS.

Several Easy Cures for the Annoying Excrescenses. If a man will write down the num-

or of warts that he has on his hands on the hat band of a tramp without the tramp knowing it the latter will earry the warts away with him." suzgested George William, the elderly ornele on warts after a long slience.
-Warts used to give in," he continued when you cut one notch in a green der stick for every wart you had and then rubbed the stick on each wart and hen buried it in the barn yard until t rots. That fixes'em. Take a black null, rub him on the warts and then stick him on a thorn bush. Do this nine successive nights and the snalls and the warts will be dead together." Chalk marks on the stove funnel used to fix my warts," said the chalrman of the meeting. "Get em on when nobody ould see you and when they disapcared warts went, too. This used to the chalk marks and wiped 'em When I used to see a funeral go unexpectedly I used to rub the arts up and down and say. Warts and corpses passaway and never more That was intended to fix "Charming warts was the popway in my day," said the minis-"A man of elderly mein and sad ures was the king of the charmers. ent to him surreptitiously one day e looked me in the eyes and said nething that sounded like 'Wobly, gobbly, gam,' and a lot more of eresting description. I've ergotton whether the warts went or many peobles as we had warts, touch them to the excrescences, sew them in a bag and take them to the four corners of the cross roads and throw the bag over the left shoulder, would do the business. The only bud feature of this was that if any person should find the haz and open it he would reary the warty treasure of the bag." - Lewiston

# Blaine, Washington.

In the extreme northwest corner of the United States is the flourishing town of Blaine. Through it runs the international boundary line, leaving a portion of the north end of the town in British Columbia. Blaine is situated on Boundary bay, a splendid landocked harbor opening upon the Gulf of Georgia, which is but a northern ex-tension of the famous Paget sound. It s backed by a splendid farming country extending for many miles on both sides of the line, and is the point of junction of the l'airbaven & Southern and the branch line from the Canadian Pacific at New Westminster. Its location and resources mark it for one of the most prosperous cities of Washington. positon on both sides of the international line gives it certain advanlages not possessed by any other city on the Pacific coast. It is expected that large ship building interests will spring up there, a large enterprise being already on foot.

What John Wanamake Says. "I never in my life," says John Wanamaker of Philadelphia, "used such a thing as a poster, a dodger or a hand bill. My plan for fifteen years has been to buy so much space in a newspaper and fill it up with what I wanted. I would not give an adverdisement in a newspaper of 400 circulation for 5,000 dodgers or posters. If I wanted to sell cheap jewelry or run a ottery scheme I might use posters, but I wouldn't insult a decent reading public with hand bills."

A Horse's Sonso of Smell. The horse will leave musty hay untouched in his bin, however hungry. He will not drink of water objectionable to his questioning sniff, or from a bucket which some odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostril will widen, quiver, and query over the daintiest bit offered by the airest hands, with couxings that would make a mortal shut his eyes and swallow a nauscous mouthful at a

A Triffe Personal.

Mr. Isaacstein—Dere is one ting aboud me mine fround, I attends to my own peezness; I don't go aboud sticking my nose into oder people's pectness.

Customer.—That's very fortunate,
Mr. Isanestein, because that nose of yours would soon broak up the biggest trust company on earth.

A Slight D fference. Tennyson N. Twiggs - Would it make any difference if I should read this

poem to you or leave it here for you to read? The editor-Yes: I think it would. If you leave it you'll go out of the door but if you read it you may go out of